

# SOME COLORED DELEGATES GETTING ANXIOUS ABOUT MONEY

## "CONVENTION LIKE A CIRCUS; YOUNGSTERS ENTITLED TO FRONT SEATS," SAYS CANNON

Youngest Delegate of All Is Woman From Montana Just Out of Her Teens.

NEGROES IN EVIDENCE.

Most of Them Arrived Charges Prepaid and Without Return Checks.

By John H. Tennant.  
(Special Dispatch to The Evening World.)  
CHICAGO, June 10.—Consider the delegates to this convention, and to all other National Republic Conventions for that matter. Most of them came to Chicago, charges prepaid and without return checks. The nearest Southern town represented a good half day's ride away, while Florida, Georgia and Louisiana, down at the bottom of the map, call for two or three nights on the sleeper. And so the longer the convention is continued the leaner becomes the bank-roll and the larger Satan looms with the tempting doughbag.

You can't talk to a colored man, or a white man for that matter, about instructions when he has a flat wallet. You can't make him see the moral force of caucus loyalty on an empty stomach. Keep this in mind in connection with the developments of the next few days. A colored brother from South Carolina, talking with Buck Bryant of Washington today, frankly explained the plight of many of his color:

"I seed Senator Moses to-day, Mr. Buck, and I says to him: 'Senator, I did get a little money from you Wood chaps, and I got here all right, but how we all going to stay here?' I says, Senator, if you gives me carly blanch and a little money I thinks they stick. They gitting kind of hungry, and dere's money track along the main street."

I can't furnish the sequel.  
But all the colored delegates are not hanging on the financial rafter edge. There is one from Tennessee who is reputed to be worth a million. The colored delegate, is more in evidence about the Wood headquarters than about the Lowden camp. He knows where the gravy is, and gravy may in the end win out. Big money came out openly to-day, so that a political Joseph Day eventually may be needed to hammer up the bidding.

Colored women boosters handed out red feathers and buttons on the Wood battle line to-day. Even Chicago blinked at this.

It's a convention of young and middle-aged men. The baldheaded and white-haired delegates who gave the picturesque to the dignity and solidity of Republican conventions of the past decade seemingly have wearied of being a human airdrie to be canned in coats in convention hotels and of being considered poor fish by the big political packers and sent back home labelled with a candidate not of his choice.

Between Chauncey Depew at eighty-six and Uncle Joe Cannon at eighty-four, and the average age of the 956 men sitting in the star-spangled maze of the Coliseum, there is an obvious and impressive hiatus of forty years. You are struck with this fact as you gaze over the sea of faces, sweltering under the banners of the forty-eight States and Territories. Fronting the speakers' platform are ranged the big delegations from the great States of New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Only here and there a white head. Outside of Depew, Lou Payn and Aldrich, the men from the Empire State are comparatively young men of the hustling type. The same description holds true of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

The young man with war honors has pushed the old-timer aside, no doubt of it. Roosevelt at this convention with this changed personnel would write the ticket.

Uncle Joe Cannon has his own notions of the change. "A convention is a good deal like a circus—if you see one you see them all," he said to-day. "The youngsters are entitled to the front seats."

In a room at the Great Northern, in his shirt sleeves and puffing at a cigar about the size of a coupling pin, the old leader was lead into some wise reflections on politics, past and present, and some observations on things in general.

"You are too young to remember the days when Grant was elected, in '72; everybody panicky, everybody running around in circles, as they are to-day. Hell to pay and no pitch hot, as the saying is. But we will come out all right, as we did then. It just takes time and horse sense. We need

(Continued on Eleventh Page.)

## LEADER OF WOMEN WHO URGES AMITY FOR GOOD OF PARTY



MRS. MEDILL McCORMICK

## JOHNSONIA OF DAY; HIRAM AS VIEWED BY VARIOUS EDITORS

Comment on Presidential Aspirant From Newspapers Friendly and Otherwise.

THE Sun and New York Herald-Johnson, the stormy petrel, has spoken in such a loud voice, has made so many gestures, has carried on so, that it is hard to figure him arithmetically.

Brisbane in the New York American—"To-day some gentle goose tried to offer Johnson the support of anybody for Vice President. It was like telling a little boy who wants a ticket to the circus that you will let him visit his grandmother's grave instead."

Michigan in The Morning Telegraph—"Johnson has not retreated from his announcement that he will not bolt, but the Hearst people insist that when the time comes he will do so."

Lewis in the Morning Telegraph—"As Vice President Johnson would have to listen to others—a sad fate."

Maillet for the United Press—"The news to-day is very discouraging. . . . Hiram Johnson slept like a log last night."

## PENROSE PLEDGES AID FOR SPROUL

Senator Adds That Governor Recognizes Weighty Considerations That Are Prevailing.

PHILADELPHIA, June 10.—Senator Penrose in a statement through his secretary has outlined his stand on the candidacy of Gov. Sproul as follows:

"It is generally understood Senator Penrose is entirely favorable to the aspirations of Gov. Sproul, and there is no question about his loyalty in this respect.

"He, of course, recognizes the weighty considerations of a general character that prevail at the convention at Chicago."

Senator Penrose, however, would approve the Knox-Johnson ticket in the event that this arrangement would be the only way to persuade the Californian to take second place, a thing he has thus far refused to do. To-day, much improved in health, the Senator, over 1,000 miles of leased wire by telephone and telegraph, dictated to his lieutenants the line of campaign for the Old Guard.

## AMERICANIZATION MOVIES AGREED ON

Owners in Convention Decide to Put Out 52 One or Two Reel Pictures a Year.

CLEVELAND, O., June 10.—Tentative plans to produce fifty-two one or two-reel pictures a year in the interest of Americanization were agreed upon at the convention of the motion picture theatre owners of America.

The scenarios will be written by well known authors and acted by stars. One will be released to theatres each week. The convention was scheduled to end to-day.

## STRONGEST TRAIT SHOWN BY WOMEN IS PARTISANSHIP

Attitude of Female Workers at Chicago Is One of Sacrifice to Party Welfare.

By Leola Allard.

(Special Dispatch to The Evening World.)  
CHICAGO, June 10.—It is the same with women as with men—they have fifty-seven varieties of politicians. But the noticeable facts about women in politics, as shown to the men at the Republican convention, are these: They are essentially partisan. They have educated themselves in politics by earnest study.

The women show a marked aversion to being swayed by the mob. They want to take the time to find out all about the men they are to help to positions of importance in their Government. It is useless for the politicians to attempt to "bunk" women. That is an art she has mastered through years of necessity in order to get what she wanted, and she knows all the approaches. She has used it successfully on her fathers, brothers and husbands for centuries.

As for political secrets, they are safer with the women than with the men. When Miss Helen Boswell of New York was chosen by Dr. Butler himself to second his nomination for President, she was told that it was a secret. That very day Mr. Demarest, one of the managers for Dr. Butler, told the news. Miss Boswell hasn't talked about it yet.

"NON-PARTISAN WOMAN IS JUST A FLOATER."

It is gratifying to note that in spite of the fact that the men of the convention step up to the women with "I'm Smith of Missouri" and the women reply "I'm Jones of Kansas," it doesn't prevent these men from stooping to pick up the handkerchief or pocketbook she drops.

There is no unpleasant familiarity, only a business ground upon which the two sexes have an apparently perfect understanding. The women have political faults, but not so many as the men. They can't afford to have. The worst is expected of them because they are new in the game, and when they are doing their best they have an unfair amount of prejudice to overcome.

When Mary Garrett Hay of New York, National Chairman of the women, Mrs. Medill McCormick, former National Chairman, urged the women to put aside all animosity and personal prejudice for the good of the great Republican Party, they replied as one woman that not one of them thought of doing anything else.

Mrs. Albert H. Gleason of New York, associate director of the American Service League, explained this attitude by saying: "Women all in their heart of hearts are partisan. Partisanship is the province of women. They are partisan in their homes, with their families and with religion. They have always taken up the cudgels for their children, and that trait is showing in their political life. A non-partisan woman is just a floater on the first wave of enthusiasm. She counts for little."

When it was suggested to the women at their big caucus last Sunday that they play a man's game in politics and that they disappoint the men in the petty things expected of them, their spirit was pictured in their long, loud applause.

They showed a certain political cunning in scenting what they call the camouflage that the Democratic Party is throwing over their women, with promises of a fifty-fifty representation which they never can deliver. The women are organizing classes, and one woman, Mrs. Nellie F. Graves, contended delegate from Michigan, is starting a block to block educational system for Michigan women.

WOMEN WILLING TO TAKE OFFICE BOY POSITIONS.

There is not that spirit that demands the appointment to positions that the women are sure they cannot fill without longer experience. Mrs. Vernora Swan of Missouri, for twenty years cashier of a Missouri bank, declared:

"We are willing to take office boy positions in the party until we are experienced and can fill the bigger work. The majority of the candidates worked up from office boys, why can't we?"

Politics with women have reached the stage where they abominate being accused of talking nothing but hats, gowns and babies. Mrs. Ella G. Hull Fuller of New York, at one time a member of the School Board in Chicago, said: "In New York we have the poorest as well as the richest women in our organization. One woman runs an elevator in the daytime and she is spending her evenings studying politics. The day is not far off when she will be competent to hold an honored place among the country's politicians."

Special clemency are absorbed. During the first days of the convention one woman was hired to show away the women who have no interest in the political situation, but went only

## CONVENTION

Women Ain't LENDING Color to Convention, They're Laying It On With Paint Brushes; but G. O. P. Looks Twenty Years Younger—No Treaty Without Lace Insertions.

By Neal R. O'Hara.  
Copyright, 1920, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)  
CHICAGO, June 10.

THE women delegates have certainly changed the complexion of this G. O. P. convention. They've changed it with eyebrow pencils and dabs of rouge. The guy that said female delegates would lend color to the affair was all wrong. The dames aren't lending color, they're laying it on with large size paint brushes. Honestly, the frails have got the grand old party looking eighteen or twenty years younger.

Give the girls a chance and they'll make the Republican Party look as young as Lord Fauntleroy. Can you imagine what will happen to the G. O. P. elephant's skin when the fleshy dames give it the treatment? You're going to see the old Jumbo get a rubdown of cold cream and complexion lotions. They'll swab his tusks with amilia face powder. And they'll make the old beast's neck look like a swan's. When Jumbo comes out of the wrinkle foundry he'll be Beauty and the Beast rolled into one. Chauncey Depew won't be able to recognize him.

The biggest need of the party to-day is votes for women, not vanity cases. The feminine touch can do more for politics than the worst heeler's touch ever did. If the treaty of peace has to be made over, we need some dressmakers on the committee. No treaty should be complete until it has lace insertions.

And yet, with all this important work to be done, we have only a scattering few women delegates scattering through the department stores. While this Chicago Convention opens up new territory for women's advancement, the only fields that attract them is Marshall Field's. The dames have twisted Lawrence's dope around, and now it's "Don't give up the shopping." And that's the reason male delegates outnumber the dames at the Coliseum like barbershop customers outnumber the manicures.

The G. O. P. will never get far until it takes up the cause of the James. We'll bet that two-thirds of the Republican platform committee don't even know why a chicken crosses the road. We'll wager not one out of ten National Committeemen know a cerise kimono from a red agitator. And yet they prognosticate the dames a square deal. As if you could give a woman a square deal by leaving her out of the argument.

If the frails of this fair land were given a chance at politics it would be the best thing that's happened for the Republicans since Bryan began running for President. With the girls on the job the G. O. P. steam-roller would wear ribbons of pink and pale blue. There'd be an Oriental rug spread over the planks of the platform and no guy with whiskers could be elected. And that's only a sample of how things would change.

Chicago this week is the time and place for the gals to get what they want. It was a woman, Mrs. O'Leary by name, that started something in Chicago one night that the natives will never forget. And all she did it with was a cow. To-day the James have as good a chance of setting the town on fire as Mrs. O'Leary had.

Women can set an example by frankness, which is more than the old boys have done. And if frankness counted with the candidates, a bunch of these Senators, Governors and Army Generals would admit they were running for a \$75,000 job instead of the President's chair. No wonder not one of 'em will accept second place on the Republican Party ticket. The difference between President and Vice President is \$62,000 a year.

Come on, you women. Shake them up.

## CENSUS CORRECT; SAYS GOODRICH

Ex-Member of War Claims Board Figures City Population on State Military Count.

That New York's census figures are practically correct is the assertion of Ernest F. Goodrich of No. 132 Nassau Street, who in July 1917, while a member of the War Claims Board, announced New York's population at that time after a careful State Military census to be 5,462,277. Allowing for the annual increase of 2.3 per cent, Mr. Goodrich says the 1920 population, according to the State estimate is 5,772,488, as against the Government figure of 5,431,151. This difference he explains in two ways. The State census was taken during the summer rush for New York while the Government census was taken in January. There were included in the State Military census at least 60,000 persons who rightfully are not residents of New York City but so listed themselves because of business or private reasons.

The police check on the census return probably will start in a few days. The Mayor's Committee expects authorization from Washington at any time. This census will embrace a few districts and will become city-wide if a great discrepancy is noted.

Striking Hatters Go Back to Work.  
Representatives of 1,000 journeymen hatters of Orange, N. J., who went on strike this morning, were denied a conference by the manufacturers because the hatters were not working. The representatives of the strikers agreed to have them go back to work at 12:30 o'clock and there will be a conference to-morrow. The men demand \$10 a day and \$1 for every day on which there is no work for them.

to get their pictures and names in the papers alongside of those aristocrats now working in the political field.

There is still that everlasting feminine desire to argue small points that do not matter. When the women have learned not to do this the men will find less domestic trouble for themselves as well as better politicians among the sex. Many of the women learned a little about the futility of their small arguments, because Mary Garrett Hay ran the steam roller over them and flattened their proud selves out before all their sister politicians.

## RESOLUTION PUT IN LIQUOR FORM LOST—INTERNALLY

"Kick" Disappears From Bottle, Formally Submitted, Before It Gets Far on Way.

CHICAGO, June 10.  
An elderly delegate from Pennsylvania laid before the Resolutions Committee of the Republican National Convention a large package which he said contained matter he desired "looked into." When Chairman Watson opened the bundle he found a bottle of whiskey—real whiskey.

Senator Smoot, of Utah, a teetotaler, was designated a committee of one to consider the subject, but returned it immediately without recommendations.

Action by the full committee was prevented by disappearance of the contents of the bottle before it could reach that stage.

## YOUNGER PRINCESS ROSPIGLIOSI DEAD

Her Former Fiancee, Noted Italian Aviator, Had Committed Suicide.

PARIS, June 10.—Princess Francesca Rospiigliosi, daughter of Princess Joseph Rospiigliosi, formerly Miss Mary Jennings Reid of New Orleans and Washington, died at the family's country home near this city yesterday from complications arising from chronic malaria.

Alfredo Allegretti, wealthy Italian and well known for his bravery as an aviator during the war, committed suicide here by shooting himself. It is reported that he had been jilted by the Princess Rospiigliosi.

Princess Francesca Rospiigliosi was born Aug. 2, 1902. Her mother was formerly married to F. H. Parkhurst of Bangor, Me., but following her divorce was married civilly to Prince Rospiigliosi in 1901.

## MME. MODJESKA'S GRANDDAUGHTER TO WED PROFESSOR



Miss Maryalka Modjeska Met Sidney F. Pattison While on Tramping Tour.

Miss Maryalka Stuart Helena Modjeska, granddaughter of the famous Polish actress, Helena Modjeska, and who lives with her mother at No. 71 Post Avenue, Washington Heights, is to become the bride of Prof. Sidney Fawcett Pattison, professor of English at the Tucson University, Tucson, Ariz. June 18. The announcement was made public to-day.

The ceremony will be performed by Dr. Harold Pattison, brother of the bridegroom and rector of the Washington Heights Church, at the home of W. T. Benda, No. 1 Grandway Park. Dr. Jean Pattison, sister of the bridegroom, is to be the bridesmaid, and Caroline Modjeska, brother of the bride-to-be, will act as best man.

Miss Modjeska met Prof. Pattison while on a tramping tour through the mountains of Southern California last summer.

SCHOOLS TO SUPPLY MEALS.  
Nutrition Classes Formed in Montclair for Anemic Children.  
The Board of Education of Montclair, N. J., has decided to establish nutrition

classes in all the town schools, the plan having proved successful in the Montclair School. This is the supplying of a breakfast and luncheon and an afternoon repast of crackers and milk to replace the open-window classes which have been conducted for the last four years for anemic children.

Twenty-five underfed children upon whom the plan was tried were found to have shown remarkable improvement.

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